

Dust Motes in Sunlight (*Excerpt*)

By Jasmine Ecer

I returned to the library of our trust,
pages torn, all coated in dust,
floating in fractured sunlight
that brushes hopeful corners and untold stories
just waiting to be opened.

I have not read in years,
warm pages blurred by all my tears,
but perhaps,
if I reach for the gentle hand of what will not harm me,
I can try to begin.